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THE HIVE.

"BE THOU THE FIRST, OUR EFFORTS TO BEFRIEND,——HIS PRAISE IS LOST, WHO STAYS 'TILL ALL COMMEND."

WEDNESDAY, MAY 16, 1804.

NOVELIST.

A TALE—*Translated from the German of Kotzebue.*

"DRIVE to the church," said the Countess Z*** to her coachman, as she stepped into her carriage. It was the eve of All Saints, and the pious Emilia wished to unburden her mind by confession.—"A young and amiable woman united to a husband who was the choice of her own heart; adored by him; already the happy mother of a charming boy; soon to produce the second pledge of nuptial love; gratefully plucking every flower which joy scattered on her path; willingly fulfilling every duty of a faithful wife, and tender mother; what can such a woman have to confess? With a heart devoid of guise, and a conscience without blemish, why does she visit the chair of absolution? What will she reply to the priest, if he require more than the universal declaration—"I am a miserable sinner." Thus spoke Gustavus Count Z*** to himself, as he was standing at the window, and heard his Emilia's direction—'drive to the church.'—"Shall I privately follow her," continued he, in his soliloquy. "Shall I conceal myself in a corner of the church, and hear the avowal of my beloved sinner? Is this curiosity? No. Is it jealousy? Pshaw! Well, what is it then? A joke, and nothing more. I am her husband, and surely have as great a right to know her little secrets as father Anselmo; I shall laugh; and there the matter will end." He went. It was not far to the church. He crept into it under the twilight, and approached the confessor's chair, as nigh as possible without being detected. He listened attentively. Emilia spoke rather loud. This is the fragment of her confession, of which her unfortunate husband lost not a word:

....."Yes, reverend father, the youth's person was so lovely. For more than six months he daily passed several hours in my bed-chamber, and while I was at supper with my husband, he escaped, by means of my maid, through a private door. I have always concealed from his lordship my reason for dismissing this girl from my service."

Oh, all ye husbands! whoever of you is in possession of a beauteous wife, whom he loves with the whole fulness of his heart, in whose arms he carelessly reposes, let him fancy himself in the situation of the listening Count. His first motion was with his hand upon his sword, but the idea of profaning the Almighty's temple, and of defiling his floors with blood, deterred him. He left the church, to him the grave of his repose, arrived, without knowing how, at his own house, and demanded horses. A light post-chaise was prepared. The Count left a note for his wife, in which he very laconically informed her, that business of importance obliged him to visit one of his estates, threw himself into the carriage, and fled from the place.

Emilia returned from the temple with that cheerfulness so peculiar to pious simplicity, when it believes to have liquidated all accounts with heaven. Her husband's note surprised her much. He had never before quitted her in so unaccountable a way—without a parting kiss—without fixing any time for his return—without having even thought of the journey two hours before.

These reflections made the gentle Emilia uneasy. She summoned the steward, and asked whether he had spoken to the Count before his departure. The steward replied he had seen him, but not spoken to him.—"Not spoken to him!" exclaimed Emilia. "No orders, no directions, I mean only with regard to the houshold?" "None, whatever," answered he. "That is strange," said Emilia. "Aye, strange, indeed, my lady," returned the steward. "I have known his lordship ever sinse he was born. I have often had the honor of carrying him in my arms, but I never saw him as he was to-day. Twenty times he was pleased to send for me—twenty times I had the honor of waiting on him; but there I stood, and he never even looked at me. Once or twice I took the liberty of coughing, but all in vain. His lordship did nothing but bite his nails, and all the while looked as red as my good old master, his father, of blessed memory, when he had swallowed five bottles of wine after dinner. At last his lordship threw himself into the chaise, without so much as just saying, good-bye, Thomas, as he was before always pleased to do, when he left home." "Inexplicable!" murmured Emilia. "Undoubtedly some very unpleasant accident has torn him from my arms." Far, very far, was she from suspecting the real cause.

Meanwhile the Count pursued his journey day and night. 'Twas night within his soul, not a gleam of hope there cast its transient twilight.

On the evening of the third day he reached the bounds of his estate. An ancient castle of the ninth century, furnished with turrets, moats, draw-bridges, and palisades, just caught the last beam of the sun, and cast a long shadow on the flowery meadow.

It was the first time that the young Count had visited this, the remotest of his estates, since he inherited them from his father. A steward, an old gardener and his wife, were the only inhabitants of the castle. All three harbored not the most distant expectation of a visit from their young master. They surrounded him with every demonstration of joy, and welcomed him with hearty goodwill; but he scarce even saw them; his eyes were wild and gloomy: he threw himself upon a sofa, and desired to be left alone.

The whole village was in motion. The oldest boors dressed themselves in their Sunday clothes, and plodded towards the castle, while the bailiff on the road studied a complimentary harrangue, with which he proposed to surprise his lordship.

At the gates of the castle, however, they were informed, that the Count was fatigued with his journey, and could not be seen by any body. The good people returned sorrowfully home. "The late Lord never was so high with us," said one to the other:—"whenever he came here to hunt and shoot, he always received us, and said, good day, my lads. How goes your corn on? How are your cattle? God bless you, good old soul."

Early on the following morning, Count Z*** examined the castle, searched into every corner, and dived into the lowest cellar. At the end of a lonely gallery, through which he heard his every step, he stumbled against an iron door, which guarded the

entrance to one of the four turrets at the corners of the castle's roof. The door was opened; a loathsome stench of long confined air burst through the chasm. He entered——found four naked walls, and some mouldered straw. For the first time the Count's mouth was distended to smile, but it was a grim diabolical smile. He silently quitted the turret, and dispatched the servant who had accompanied him, with a note to the Countess. In the mean time, by his command, a table, a wooden chair, and a bundle of fresh straw, were carried to the turret.

Emilia received with rapture the tidings of her beloved lord, whose embrace her beating heart too long missed. With the beauteous bloom of fervent desire upon her cheek, she opened the note and read:

"*The bearer has orders to bring you to me.* Z."

Great as was Emilia's astonishment at the dry, laconic style of her husband, yet made she not a moment's hesitation to accompany the messenger.

The journey was extremely difficult to a lady in Emilia's condition; but she, with the impatience of affection, forgot her delicate situation, scarce allowed herself a few hours sleep at night, and on the fourth evening arrived safe at the castle.

Her husband awaited her within the walls of the dreadful turret, seated on the wooden chair, and ruminating on his misery. Emilia flew to embrace him; with his clenched fist he felled her to the earth. "Heavens! what means this?" cried the unfortunate Countess, and crept upon the straw.—— "Monster," roared he, in a tone of the most dreadful fury, "thou art unmasked.—Here, here shalt thou end a life of which I have not courage to deprive thee."

With these words he forsook the wretched Emilia, and locked the door. Left to reflect in solitude upon her misery and innocence, doomed, with the purest conscience, to the cruelest of punishments, Emilia sunk upon her knees, and prayed to that Being, who reads in our hearts, as in an open book, to tear from the eyes of her husband, her still much-loved husband, the bandage woven by infernal calumny. The night crows shrieked during her prayer, and the ear of inexorable fate seemed deaf to the sighs of suffering innocence.

On the noon of the succeeding day, bread and water was administered to her through a hole. She salted the bread with her tears, and her heart almost broke with melancholy. She had begged that she might be allowed writing materials, but they had been denied. By chance she found in her pocket a little blue silk and a needle. She washed her handkerchief, and sewed upon it these words:—"*I am innocent. Save me, and our child.*"

She sent the handkerchief to her husband. The deluded wretch tore and returned it. A burning tear fell from Emilia's eye upon it.

When the period approached, at which she was to be delivered, the old gardener's wife was admitted to her; and Emilia writhing on the straw, gave birth to a daughter. The first cry of this child, the first sound which she heard within those dreadful walls, for two long months, alleviated her sorrows. She pressed the little cherub to her fond maternal heart, and recommended it to the Almighty. She gazed at it, thought she saw it smile, and forgot her misfortunes. But, alas! scarce had she in some degree regained her strength, when the gardener's wife tore the infant from her arms, and locked the prison. "O God!" exclaimed poor Emilia, "leave me at least my child." She fell to the earth in a swoon, and when she awoke, prayed to heaven for death.

Her inexorable husband would not even see the child. He sent it to the wife of a boor, and ordered it to be educated as an orphan. The gardener's wife quitted Emilia two weeks after her delivery, the Count returned to the city, and the wretched victim remained a prey to consuming misery more than three years. [*TO BE CONCLUDED.*]

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APHORISMS.—Neatness in dress is commendable; but when it engrosses much of our time, and becomes the primary object of our attention, it is highly reprehensible.

To live in an open violation, or contempt of any human law, formed for the regulation of right conduct, is highly offensive in the sight of God and man.

BIOGRAPHY.

An Irish Patriot, *less fortunate than* Washington, Hancock, *and* Adams, *but engaged in the same cause, viz. that of attempting to rescue his country from British tyranny. He was arrested by the myrmidons of power, tried by a timid jury, and executed by the hands of the common hangman, for addressing the people of Ireland, on the same subject, and for the same end, as our Congress once did the American nation.*

MR. ROBERT EMMET.

THIS amiable and accomplished gentleman, when called upon by the judge, before whom he was convicted of high treason, to know whether he had any thing to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon him, delivered himself nearly in the following terms:

"I am asked if I have any thing to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon me? Were I to suffer only death, after being adjudged guilty, I should bow in silence: but a man in my situation has not only to combat with the difficulties of fortune, but also the difficulties of prejudice; the sentence of the law which delivers over his body to the executioner, consigns his character to obloquy. The man dies, but his memory lives; and that mine may not forfeit all claim to the respect of my countrymen, I use this occasion to vindicate myself from some of the charges advanced against me. I am charged with being an emissary of France; 'tis false, I am no emissary; I did not wish to deliver up my country to a foreign power, and least of all, to France—No, never did I entertain the idea of establishing French power in Ireland! God forbid! On the contrary, it is evident from the introductory paragraph of the address of the Provisional Government, that every hazard attending an independent effort was deemed preferable to the more fatal risk of introducing a French army into the country; small would be our claims to patriotism and to sense, and palpable our affectation of the love of liberty, if we were to encourage the profanation of our shores by a people who are slaves themselves, and the unprincipled and abandoned instruments of imposing slavery on others—If such an inference is drawn from any part of the proclamation of the Provisional Government, it calumniates its views, and is not warranted by the fact; how could they speak of freedom to their countrymen? how assume such an exalted motive, and meditate the introduction of a power which has been the enemy of freedom in every part of the globe? Reviewing the conduct of France to other countries, could we expect better towards us? No! Let not then any man attaint my memory by believing, that I could have hoped for freedom through the aid of France, and betrayed the sacred cause of liberty by committing it to the power of her most determined foe; had I done so, I had not deserved to live, and dying with such a weight upon my character, I had merited the honest execration of that country which gave me birth, and to which I would have given freedom. Had I been in Switzerland, I would have fought against the French. In the dignity of freedom I would have expired on the threshold of that country, and they should have entered it only by passing over my lifeless corpse. Is it then to be supposed, that I would be slow to make the same sacrifice to my native land? Am I, who lived but to be of service to my country, and who would subject myself to the bondage of the grave to give her independence——am I to be loaded with the foul and grievous calumny of being an emissary of France? My Lord, it may be part of the system of angry justice to bow a man's mind by humiliation to meet the ignominy of the scaffold; but worse to me than the scaffold's shame, or the scaffold's terrors, would be the imputation of having been the agent of French despotism and ambition:

and while I have breath I will call upon my countrymen, not to believe me guilty of so foul a crime against their liberties and happiness. Though you, my Lord, sit there a judge and I stand here a culprit, yet you are but a man, and I am another; and I have a right therefore to vindicate my character and motives from the aspersions of calumny; and as a man to whom fame is dearer than life, I will make the last use of that life in rescuing my name and memory from the afflicting imputation of having been an emissary of France, or seeking her interference in the internal regulation of affairs.—Did I live to see a French army approach this country, I would meet it on the shore with a torch in one hand and a sword in the other; I would receive them with all the destruction of war, I would animate my countrymen to immolate them in their very boats before our native soil should be polluted by a foreign foe. If they succeeded in landing, I would burn every blade of grass before them; raze every house; contend to the last for every inch of ground, and the last spot in which the hope of freedom should desert me, at that spot I would make my grave!—What I cannot do, I leave a legacy to my country, because I feel conscious that my death were unprofitable, and all hope of liberty extinct, the moment a French army obtained a footing in this island."

After some further matter, he concluded thus—"My lamp of life is nearly expired; my race is finished; the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom. All I request then at departing from the world is the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph; for as no man who knows my motives dare vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them: Let them and me repose in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times and other men can do justice to my character."

The father of Mr. Emmet, was a physician of great eminence in the city of Cork, and afterwards held a high medical employment under government in the capital. He was a gentleman of distinguished literary talents, and of undisputed loyalty, and his eldest son, who has been some time deceased, was one of the brightest ornaments of the bar. The second son, who belonged to the Irish Directory, took out his degree as a physician, and afterwards became a barrister, and was esteemed also as a man of the first-rate talents. The young man, who is executed, was educated in the Dublin University, and an excellent scholar.

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A WOMAN, among savages, is a beast of burden; in the East, a piece of furniture; and in Europe, a spoiled child; in America, the lovely and beloved, and *companion* of man.

MORALIST.

[Selected for THE HIVE, from Sturm's Reflections.]

SPRING. [No. III.]

USE OF VEGETABLES.

"Your contemplation farther yet pursue;
"The wonderous world of vegetables view.
"Here various trees their various fruits produce,
"Some for delightful taste, and some for use:
"There sprouting plants enrich the plain and wood,
"For physic some, and some design'd for food:
"While fragrant flowers with different colours dy'd
"On smiling meads unfold their gaudy pride."

WHEN I consider the great number and variety of vegetables, I discover in this circumstance, as in every thing else, the beneficent views of my Creator. What indeed could he propose by covering the earth with so many different herbs, plants, and fruits, but the advantage and happiness of his creatures? Do not *plants* and *fruits* furnish us every day with the most wholesome nourishing food? Do we not mostly owe our cloathes, houses, and furniture, to the vegetable world! There is no part of plants but has its utility. The *roots* furnish medicaments: They serve for food and fuel; to make pitch, dyes, and all sorts of utensils. Of *wood* is made charcoal, buildings, fires, medicines, paper, dyes, and a vast number of instruments. Even the *bark* has its utility in medicine, in tanning, &c. The *ashes* serve to manure & improve the lands, to bleach cloth, to make saltpetre, potash, &c. *Rosin* is useful to painters. Pitch and tar are made of it. *Turpentine* ii used in medicine; hard rosin to varnish, to solder, and to rub the bow-strings of musical instruments, in order to make them more sonorous. *Flowers* please and delight, both by their colour and smell. They are useful in medicine, and especially in furnishing bees with wax and honey. The *fruits*, which ripen by degrees, serve for our food, and are eaten either raw, baked, dried or preserved. But vegetables are not for the use of man alone. They are still of greater use to animals, most of which have no other food. The reason that there are so many fields, and so great a variety of herbs and plants, is that all the animals may find their proper food.

O heavenly Father! who can reckon all the blessings which the vegetable world affords? At least it is manifest that all the arrangements which thou hast made, in this respect, tend to the utility of all thy creatures. Thou hast provided for the wants of every individual. Thou has assigned to each the plant properest for its food and preservation. There is not a plant upon earth that has not its purpose and use. What sentiments, therefore, of gratitude and veneration ought we not to feel for thy beneficence.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CONJUGAL AFFECTION.

DURING the time of the French revolution, when the city of Lyons became the theatre of daily executions, a woman learned by chance that her husband's name was on the list of the proscribed, and instantly ran to avert the impending destruction, by securing his immediate flight. She compelled him to assume her own dress, gave him her money and jewels, and had the inexpressible happiness to see him pass unsuspected. A few hours afterwards the officers of justice came to seize upon him. She had prepared herself to receive them, by putting on a suit of her husband's clothes, and answering to her husband's name. She was led before the revolutionary committee. In the course of the examination her disguise was discovered, and they demanded of her, her husband.

"My husband," she exclaimed, in a tone of exultation, "is out of the reach of your power.—I planned his escape, and I glory in risking my own life for the preservation of his."

They displayed before her the instrument of punishment, and charged her to reveal the rout her husband had taken. "Strike," she replied, "I am prepared." "But it is the interest of your country that commands you to speak," said one of the committee. "Barbarians," she answered, "my country cannot command me to outrage the sacred laws of nature."

Her dignity and firmness awed even the members of the revolutionary committee, and a noble action prevailed for once over the spirits of their desolating cruelty.

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Man of Genius.—A stupid man cannot readily be persuaded out of his senses—what he sees, he sees and neither more nor less—but it is the easiest thing in the world to catch hold of a man of genius. You have nothing to do but to appeal from his senses to his imagination; and then he sees with the eyes of his imagination; and hears with the ears of his imagination; and then he can be led where one pleases.

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One of our great men being offended with one of his black servants, sent him the following message:—"Sirrah, if you ever demean yourself in like manner again, my infuriated feelings will no longer confine themselves to mental dissatisfaction or verbal recrimination, but will discover themselves in muscular exertion and manual oppugnation.

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RABELAIS tells us a story of Phillpot Placut, who being orisk and hale fell dead as he was paying an old debt; which, perhaps, causes many, says he, not to pay their's, for fear of the like accident.

POETRY.

LINES

On the death of ROBERT EMMET, the Irish patriot, an account of whom, in the last solemn scene of life, will be found in the Biographical Department of the present number of "THE HIVE."

YE true sons of ERIN, go weep o'er the grave,
Where lies the sad corpse of your brother & friend,
Nor think that a tear can dishonor the brave,
As you sigh to the breezes for his mournful end.

His country he lov'd, and lamented her fate,
And strove to restore her to freedom and fame:
But infamy's minions, the vampyres of state,
Had robb'd her of honor, reduc'd her to shame.

Enshrin'd in his soul were virtue and science,
Benevolence held her abode in his breast;
To th' illusions of vice he had e'er bid defiance,
Religion his shield and bright honor his crest.

Each gale that his sacred dust shall blow over,
Shall kiss it, and waft the sweet scent of his name,
To shores far remote, where every lover
Of freedom and virtue shall cherish his fame.

Not only to ERIN his fate shall impart
A lesson which folly alone will despise;
But engrav'd it shall live in each honest heart
That values the blessings Columbians prize.

Our Adams, our Hancock, and Washington too,
By the hand of some grovelling slave would have died;
If our fathers had not, to their fore-fathers true,
Stood firm, and the malice of Britain defied.

But think not, HIBERNIANS, your tears can remove,
Or atone for the debt to his memory due;
His spirit reminds you from mansions above,
How nobly he died to give freedom to you.

Then on with your armour, and swear by his name,
By his blood-stained corse, and gallant renown—
That you'll ne'er yield it up 'till your country's fame
And rights are atchiev'd—& her tyrants put down.

—⊙—

THE STAGES OF LIFE.

AT TEN a child; at TWENTY wild;
At THIRTY strong, if ever;
At FORTY wise; at FIFTY rich;
At SIXTY good—or never.

—⊙—

EPIGRAM.

CRIES *Nell* to *Tom*, 'mid matrimonial strife,
'Curst be the hour I first became your wife.'
'By all the powers,' said *Tom*, 'but that's too bad
You've curs'd the only civil hour we've had.

COMPLAINTS OF THE POOR.

BY ROBERT SOUTHY.

AND wherefore do the poor complain?
The rich man ask'd of me:—
Come walk abroad with me, I said,
And I will answer thee.

'Twas evening, and the frozen streets
Were cheerless to behold;
And we were wrapt and coated well,
And yet we were a-cold.

We met an old bare-headed man,
His locks were few and white;
I ask'd him what he did abroad,
In that cold winter night.

'Twas bitter keen, indeed, he said,
But at home no fire had he;
And, therefore, he had come abroad,
To ask for charity.

We met a young bare footed child,
And she begg'd loud and bold;
I ask'd her what she did abroad,
When the wind blew so cold?

She said, her father was at home,
And he lay sick a-bed;
And, therefore, was it she was sent
Abroad to beg her bread.

We saw a woman sitting down
Upon a stone to rest,
She had a baby at her back,
Another at her breast.

I ask'd her why she loiter'd there
When the wind was so chill!
She turn'd her head, and bade the child
That scream'd behind, be still.

She told us, that her husband serv'd,
A soldier far away;
And, therefore, to her parish she
Was begging back her way.

We met a girl; her dress was loose,
And sunken was her eye?
Who, with the wanton's hollow voice,
Address'd the passers by.

I ask'd her, what there was in guilt,
That could her heart allure
To shame, disease, and late remorse?
She answer'd she was poor.

I turn'd me to the rich man then,
For silently stood he;
You ask'd me why the poor complain,
And these have answer'd thee.

—⊙—

SUICIDE—BY DR. SEWEL.

When all the blandishments of life are gone,
The coward sneaks to death, the brave live on.

In the new play of the Soldier's Daughter, received with very great applause lately in London, Mrs. Jordon, in the epilogue, drew forth reiterated peals. The idea of raising a female *army of reserve*, must have had an excellent effect, and the materials of which this amazonian host was to be composed, excited considerable merriment.—The following will amuse our female readers.

"WHILE glory animates each mortal nerve,
Shall British women from the contest swerve?
No——
We'll form a *female army of reserve*;
And *class* them thus——Old Maids are *pioneers*—
Widows, *sharp shooters*—Wives are *fuzileers*;
Maids form *battalions*, that's all under twenty,
And as for *light troops*, we have them in plenty!
Vixens the *trumpet blow*—Scolds beat the *drum*,
When thus prepared, what enemy dare come?
Those eyes that even Britons could enslave,
Would serve to light poor Frenchmen to their grave;
We'll humble France, since British women can,
A *firelock* handle as they do a *fan*!

—⊙—

WHISKEY.

GREAT spirit hail! confusion's angry sire,
And like thy parent Bacchus, born of fire;
The jails decoy, the greedy trader's lure;
Disease of money, but reflection's cure.
We owe, great Dram, the trembling hand to thee,
The headstrong purpose, and the feeble knee;
The loss of honor, and the cause of wrong,
The brain enchanted, and the fault'ring tongue;
Whilst fancy flies before thee, unconfin'd,
Thou leav'st disabled prudence far behind.
In thy pursuit our fields are left forlorn;
Whilst giant weeds oppress the pigmy corn.
Thou throw's a mist before the plainter's eyes;
The plow grows idle, and the harvest dies.
By thee refresh'd, no cold north winds we fear;
'Tis ever warm and calm when thou art near;
On the bare earth, for thee, expos'd we lie,
And brave the malice of a frowning sky.
Like those who did in ancient times repent,
We sit in ashes, and our cloathes are rent.
From thee a thousand flattering whims escape,
Like hasty births that ne'er have perfect shape;
Thine idiots seen in dear delusion, fair,
But born in flame, they soon expire in air.
O grand deluder; such thy charming art,
'Tis best we ne'er should meet, or ne'er should part.
Ever abscond, or ever tend our call,
Leave our sense entire, or none at all.

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